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BY

ETHEL MARGARET ROSHER

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INTRODUCTION

THIS small book of Poems contains the initial efforts of the Authoress, and is published at the request of many friends. Its contents were mainly written without an idea that they were destined to appear in print, and may thus in a large degree possess a personal rather than a general interest, as in several cases the poems are simply an expression of sympathy, and a message of peace to those in sorrow. With this slight introduction, the Authoress submits to the public, with all diffidence, her first book. Should any, into whose hands it may come, find aught herein from which they may derive comfort or pleasure, she will be amply rewarded.

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TWIN VISIONS

IN Fancy's gaze, I see twin visions
Which seem to me to breathe one atmosphere.
Gay Spring and rosy Morn come hand in hand,
Both in pale tints are decked.
One dazzling brightness lighteth up each form,
The same elastic step is seen in each,
And both are wayward—
Though e'en their waywardness is tinged with
mirth ;
Now frowns, now tears fleet swiftly o'er each brow,
Then all is calm and peace again ;
Yet deeper look—

For in their forms I see

Youth, in its love, its mirth, its purity.

The visions fade,

And in their place I find

Two other forms of equal loveliness,

Though of maturer growth.
Their names are Noon and Summer,
Their brows more set with purpose,
Though their garments blend in gayer hues
Than those of their young sisters, Morn and
Spring ;
They speak to us of man's full manhood,
Or woman's staider beauty,
Which is not ruffled by each passing wind,
But e'en through trials learns its evenness.

Again the picture changes, and again I see
Two forms with tott'ring step
Wind slowly up the path.
Their garments, gayer even than the rest,
Are of a fuller, richer, colouring ;
A fuller glory, too, shines o'er their brows,
A perfect ripeness hitherto unseen.
Autumn and Evening are they called,
And often as they breathe escapes a sigh,
For their great beauty soon, alas ! shall fade,
Leaving behind a wordless loneliness.
In them is pictured golden age,
Or any age, when souls are ripe
To meet their Maker.

Then all is still—so still, I scarce discern
Two shadowy forms come stealing up the path :
One is in white arrayed—the other purple,
Set with golden stars ;
And ~~round~~ their presence moonbeams linger,
Shedding their pure, cold light :
While Night and Winter speak in silent words,
Which by their very silence startle me ;
And human-like I shudd’ring cry—
“Where are gone Life and Light and Colour ?
These mean only Death !” But stay !
From Night grows Day ; from Winter, Spring ;
From Death, Eternal Life !

A SIGH

WHAT's in a sigh?

A hope, a fear,
A wonder, or a deep despair!

What's in a sigh?

A hopelessness,
Deeper than anguish'd words express.

A broken prayer?
Yes—but to God's great Heart most dear.

A stifled cry,
Heard only by the Lord on High.

What's in a sigh?

A tear suppress'd,
Which still to God is manifest;

A yielded will,
Which, pois'd on Faith and Love, is still ;

Contented rest,
As an infant's, on its Mother's breast.

What's in a sigh ?

A sympathy,
Which spoken might have wounded thee ;

A depth of thought,
Which to God means all—to man means nought.

What's in a sigh ?

A flutt'ring breath,
Through which our Life is merg'd in Death.

Yet as it sinks beside Death's portal,
'Twill, rising, breathe to Life Immortal ;

With Him who all our need supplies,
With Him who can interpret sighs ;

At Home, where sighs no more shall be,
But praise and joy eternally.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER

BABY mine, softly sleeping,
Safely in Jesu's keeping,
Leaving my torn heart weeping,
Whilst thou art sleeping, sleeping.

Awake, thou, my babe, my own,
With smiles melt this heart of stone,
Come, come to the arms so lone ;
Awake, thou, my own, my own !

Hush ! thou art waking, waking,
Light on my heart is breaking,
Music and sunshine making,
For thou in Heaven art waking.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT

BRIGHT was the dawn and glad the day
When the crown of motherhood
Was brought me by a baby's hand
From the Giver of all good.

In rapt'rous praise I thank'd my God
For this sweet gift, so fair ;
" May she ever draw my soul above "
Was the burden of my prayer.

As to fond Nature's loving call
Unfolds the rosebud fair,
So did my flow'ret's life expand
Amid Love's fost'ring care.

As sunbeams were her smiles to me,
And her tears like drops of dew,
Her dancing limbs and cries of glee
Brought me happiness so true.

One day she droop'd ; I watch'd her fade
With a heart by anguish rent ;
Oh ! was God calling away the gift
He had e'en so lately sent ?

Yes, with the falling shades of night
Came the fluttering of wings,
And an angel, softly knocking, said—
“I come from the King of kings.

The babe He you so lately gave
May on earth no longer stay ;
Yet ‘God is Love’—oh ! trust and believe,
You’ll know why it was some day.”

She ceas'd, and drew to her shining breast
My own little snow-white dove,
Then flew away through the starry skies
To the Father’s Home above.

Worn-out with grief, I fell asleep,
And dreamt the clouds were riv’n,
That the purple hues of night gave place
To the golden plains of Heav’n.

There, in the arms of the Saviour mild,
Lay my lovely little one;
While as she look'd in His Face she smil'd,
And her form with glory shone.

Then as she turn'd she saw me there,
And her sweet face glow'd with love
As she said, "Oh mother! your prayer is heard;
I have drawn your soul above."

EPITAPH

DEAR Lord, I come—
I have no choice
But to obey the voice
Which calls me *Home.*

But, to those who mourn
Through Sorrow's night,
Oh! send my spirit bright,
Till the day dawn.

THE CHOICE

WHAT wouldst thou be?

The rose? who, blooming in a garden fair,
By her sweet fragrance draweth all men near.

The stately lily? whose white purity
Is gained by gazing always to the sky.

The snowdrop? who, with shyly drooping head,
Whispers of resurrection from the dead.

What wouldst thou be?

The heather? who with life so gay and free,
Sports with the winds in joyous ecstasy.

The violet? who, in quiet mossy dell,
Contented, sweet, and lone, is glad to dwell.

Lord, I would be
Whate'er Thou makest me.

MY JEWEL-CASE

I SOUGHT to value and to price my gems,
But found their value was of priceless worth.
No radiant jewels in some costly case
Are they, no dewy, sparkling diamonds,
Silken pearls, or flashing emeralds deep,
Whose setting is of finest chaste'n'd gold—
And yet, to me, no sum their worth could name.

Would you behold my gems ? then follow me.
Op'ning a door of plainest wood, *you* see
A simply furnished room, all void of art :
Seated therein a woman in whose arms
A tiny babe slumbers in peace ; and then
The deaf'ning shouts of children greet your ears,
And disappointed, from a dream, you wake.
But to *me*, th' vision into solid wealth
Is quickly changed ;—see here the gold that falls

From this small head ! while ivory arms
Wind in a loving chain about my neck,
And ruby lips drop tiny broken pearls.
Scan now the eyes there of my first-born child,
Brighter than diamonds, in their changing mirth.
Ah ! now, in anger with his sister fair,
Those orbs, like emeralds deep, flash fire,
Then droop in shame, till royal words are
said—
Words which to God more precious are than
gold,
Though utter'd only by a baby's lips.
Yet still my *fairest gem* is to be seen
Lulling with softest music to her breast
The little pearl whose life is wrapt in hers.
If aught should rob me of that dearest gift,
The lives of these fair children would appear
A setting with the central jewel gone !
Ah ! she is dearer, fairer than them all,
This wife—God's first and noblest gift to man.
Have I done wrong in valuing thus high
These, who must pass away ? It cannot be !
Because for them was given a Price
Greater than all the wealth this world contains,
And they are precious in the sight of Him,

Of whose Crown they at length shall form a part.

In sacred trust I hold them till that day

When Christ shall claim them all, and me with them,

To shine in purest lustre evermore.

A HOSPITAL NURSE'S DEDICATION

O LORD my God, this work I undertake
Alone in Thy great Name, and for Thy sake ;
In minist'ring to suff'ring I would learn
The sympathy that in Thy Heart did burn
For those who, toiling on Life's weary way,
Unto diseases divers were a prey.
Take then mine eyes, and teach them to perceive
The ablest way each poor one to relieve :
Guide Thou my hands, that e'en their touch may
prove
The gentleness and aptness born of Love.
Bless Thou my feet, and while they softly tread,
May faces smile from many a suff'rer's bed.
Take too my lips, O God ; guide Thou my tongue ;
Give me a word in season for each one ;
Clothe me with patient strength all tasks to bear ;
Crown me with Hope and Love, which know no
fear,

And Faith, that, coming face to face with Death,
Shall e'en inspire with joy the dying breath.
All through the arduous day my actions guide,
Or 'mid the lone night-watch be by my side ;
And when, worn-out with toil, I go to rest,
Send sleep, and come in dreams to be my Guest ;
So shall I wake refresh'd with strength to pray ;—
Work *in* me, *through* me, *with* me, Lord, this day.

ON DEATH

DEATH, thou great mystery,
Who in thy varied forms appear'st to me,
Say, do I love or dread thee?

Thy presence first, one childhood's happy day,
A vision came :
When told that still in death my mother lay,
I felt no pain.
A darken'd house, low whisperings, and tears
Filled me with awe ;
But soon the tears, the mysteries, and fears
I knew no more.

Again, while tripping lightly on youth's way,
My course was stay'd,
For on the friend who shared my work and play
Death's hand was laid.

And she by him was through a valley led,
So dark and lone,
From out whose depths grim shadows, cold and
dread,
Were o'er me thrown,
Which fill'd me with despair, till the bright sun
Shone forth again,
And I, a child of nature, was soon won
Away from pain.

Once more, when cloth'd with motherhood, I
knew
Thy presence near,
By the feeble, flutt'ring breath my sweet one
drew.
“Oh, baby dear!
How can I give thee up to Death's cold hand?”
I wildly cried;
But when I saw the Christ as Reaper stand,
My tears were dried,
And on His Breast my child in peace I laid,
Then turn'd to cheer
Those for whom life lay ever in the shade,
Whose path loom'd drear.

There, in an attic gloomy, bare, and chill,
A mother lay,
And in her arms she clasp'd a babe, so still,
Just born that day;
While from the corner of the room there peer'd
The hungry eyes
Of children three, whose youthfulness was sear'd
By bitter cries.

Paler and paler grew the mother's face;
I stoop'd to tell,
In gentle word, how Death stood in the place,
That all was well.

“Death is but rest, sweet rest; thank God for death,”
She faintly said:
Slower and slower came the feeble breath;
Now—she was dead.

I next stood by the dying couch of one
Whose life had been
Like some great picture, where the colours tone
In beauteous scene;
Where all the points are clear, yet intertwine
Harmoniously;
Where mountain-tops, broad lakes, and deep ravine
In one agree.

White as the snow-tipp'd mountain was her soul,
 Yet she could stoop
Deep as the deep ravine, to help the foul,
 And raise to hope.
But now the life was ebbing fast away ;
 Would the bright light
That had illumined all her earthly way
 Be turn'd to night ?
Nay, nay ; for see the light upon her brow,
 'Tis not of earth ;
She sees the King ! Such joy from Heav'n must
 flow,
 In Heav'n have birth.

Hark ! now her lips are moving ; what she says
 We cannot hear,
Our ears are dull and earth-born, but her praise
 In Heav'n rings clear.
Yet one word do I hear, which was the key
 To her bright life ;
'Tis even "Jesus," whisper'd radiantly
 Amid Death's strife.
With that she passes on exultingly
 With Christ to be :
If this is Death, I say unflinchingly—'Tis Victory !

IN MEMORIAM

D. S.

GOD sent a gift unto our wedded bliss,
To be a token of our unity,
A little daughter fair.

How sacred was that first parental kiss,
Which pledged her one with all humanity,
Their joys and griefs to share !

We called her Dorothy, and unto God
We offered her again, and on her brow
Was marked a sign—the Cross,
Which pointeth to the way her Saviour trod—
A blessed way, though crown'd by suff'ring now,
By strife, and pain, and loss.

On flowed our darling's life, a little stream
Of joy to her and us, sparkling with mirth,
Kept purer by the tears

Which sometimes bathed her face; nor did we dream
That there, among the shadows cast o'er earth,
 One should call forth our fears.

Yet onward moved a shadow, till it stay'd
Close to our child; in form a cross it took,
 And laid her low in pain:
Our parent love knew, too, how much it weigh'd:
Could we not feel her pain, each suff'ring look,
 When all relief was vain?

A second gift God's bounteous Hand sent forth,
A little son to cheer the mother's soul.

 But Dorothy, with eyes
By suff'ring veil'd, look'd up to Heav'n from
 earth;
She saw the little children there made whole,
 And smiled in glad surprise.

She saw not all the grief her father wore,
Nor all the anguish in her mother's face—

 Her gaze on Christ was set:
And as she look'd she longed yet more and more
For wings to carry her to yon bright place,
 All sorrows to forget.

And God loved tenderly the little one,
So broke the chains which held her fetter'd here ;
Then on and up she flew
To that bright window, brighter than the sun,
From which the baby brother pure and fair
By God had been sent through.

The window closed—and those who weep below
See only clouds,—and little Dorothy
Laid like a snowdrop there.
May they by faith now to that region go,
And there behold her joyous ecstasy,
In growing still more fair ;

While yet on earth the cross's shadows fall,
Leaving on us their sacred marks ; but still,
Dear Lord, we know 'tis best.
Those whom Thou lovest would obey Thy call
They would be daily subject to Thy Will,
And in that Will find rest.

THE BELLS

RINGING, ringing, ringing,
How they ring !
Proclaiming the birthday of Christ our
King,
While angels on High His praises sing—
Those joyous bells !

Chiming, chiming, chiming,
How they chime !
Steadily marked, as some measured rhyme,
Pointing mankind to the flight of Time—
Those warning bells !

Pealing, pealing, pealing,
How they peal !
While two loving hearts at the altar kneel,
Wedded for ever, through woe or weal—
Those hopeful bells !

Tolling, tolling, tolling,
How they toll !
Telling the flight of the unfettered soul,
Saying a heart has reached its goal—
Those solemn bells !

DOROTHY'S ANSWERS

LITTLE maiden, aged three,
Was by father asked one day,
"Who loves little Dorothy?"
She replied without delay—

"Father loves me." Full of pride
At these words the father grew,
And another question tried,
Thinking he the answer *knew*.

"And who does little Dolly love?"
The eyes looked up unflinchingly
(He *knew*, but still he liked to *prove*),
"I loves myself," quoth she.

PRIMROSE DAY

CLOSE nestling by mother's side in church,
Turning the leaves of her book of prayer,
Sits the vicar's wee daughter in deep research,
Her little face puzzled and full of care.

Casting a glance around, we see
On many a coat a primrose gay ;
Which sight calls forth to our memory
Lord Beaconsfield—for 'tis "Primrose Day."

Again to the little maid we turn,
For her eager face attracts the eye,
And two tiny cheeks with excitement burn,
As she scans o'er each page—then a sigh

Of despair from the child in her nook,
While a small, sad voice is heard to say,
"Oh mother ! I've hunted all through the book,
But can't find the *collect* for 'Primrose Day.'"

IN MEMORIAM

REV. J. C. HARRISON

PEACE, peace, great heart,
Now beating on Christ's breast,
Faithful thou didst thy part,
Now cometh peace and rest.

Peace, peace, great mind,
Rich stored with God's thoughts here,
Adoring now thou'l find
Still greater treasures there.

Peace, peace, great voice,
Sweet channel of God's Word,
Now may thine ears rejoice
In list'ning to thy Lord.

Peace, peace, great soul,
So pure, so grand, so bright :
Now thou hast reached thy goal,
And art clothed with Heav'n's Light.

THE TEAR

IT rose,
It glist'ned one brief moment in the eye,
Then slowly trickled down the pale, pale face,
 And dropt in space,
 Falling on earth to die.

But there
A sunbeam caught it in his warm embrace,
And passing swiftly up his ray on high,
 On through the sky,
 Laid it before God's Face.

God took,
And in His Bosom gently laid the tear,
Where, wrapt safe in His warm love, it melted,
 And unveiled
 And lo ! there lay a prayer !

TO THE SUN

GREAT lord of art, t'wards thee we bow and gaze ;
Though thy pure brilliancy forbids us raise
 Our eyes to thy bright face,
Yet do we know instinctive when thine eyes
Smile on us here, pouring down sweet supplies
 Of love, and warmth, and grace.

Nature doth own thee lord, for without thee
Her work, though vast, were all monotony,
 With drapery, sad grey ;—
She, the fair sculptor ; thou, the painter grand,
Wielding thy rays as brush within thine hand,
 Working the livelong day.

Silent we watch thee, as each morn ye rise
To paint again with master-stroke the skies,
 Dyed black by mournful night.

Now from the heavens to the earth ye bend,
And e'en to each meek flower your art ye lend,
Giving it colour bright.

Then to the mighty ocean dost thou turn,
Painting it shades uneasy to discern,
Mingling so strangely fair ;
While to the sailor tossing o'er the deep
Rich, ruddy brown into his cheeks ye steep,
Defying storm and care.

Now near some city dense thou passest by,
Saying, "What shall it profit me to ply
My art o'er this dark place ?
For enemies I have, who prowl each street—
Sickness and Care, whose aim is to defeat
My work on many a face.

"Sickness to gloomy homes doth backward draw
Both young and old, closing with stealth the
door
Lest I should enter in.

Then with her clammy hand, she'll blanch the
cheeks,
Whose tinting may have been the work of weeks,
Making them pale and thin.

“Dark too the course pursued by Sin and Care,
Who pinch and line the faces once so fair,
Then paint them coarse and sad.
Shall I pass on and leave these to their fate,
Pouring my hues on Nature's works, who wait
In silence to be clad?”

Nay, nay, great Sun, more merciful art thou ;
Thou turnest not from those whom Care doth bow,
Or Sin doth blot and smear ;
Thou smilest still on many a darken'd home,
Illuminating hearts by Care made lone,
Chasing away their fear.

Then on the blackened sinner dost thou shine,
While to his sin your scorching rays define
The blackness of the sin.
He shrinks and shudders at such glory bright,
Then penitent he falls before the light,
Praying thy grace to win.

O glorious Sun ! thy Maker we would praise,
For He it is who wisely guides thy rays

To fall on good and ill.

May goodness flourish in thy light divine,
May evil vanish as on it ye shine,

Thus shall ye serve God's will.

NEW YEAR

WELCOME thou young New Year,
Standing so bright and fair,
Shy, on the threshold there.

Thy form I cannot see,
For thou dost seem to be
Veiled in mystery.

Folded each snowy wing,
Over the hidden thing
Thou to each one ~~doth~~ bring.

Say, is it joy or woe
Thou wilt on me bestow?
My heart doth long to know.

Wilt not thou speak to me,
Unfold the mystery
Which closely shroudeth thee?

NEW YEAR

Listen, my friend, I pray,
Meekly as well ye may,
Heed thou the words I say.

First seek not then to know
Things that I may not show;
Knowledge would bring thee woe.

But with each passing day,
My veil shall fall away,
And in the past shall lay.

What joys to thee unfold,
Thou shouldest lightly hold,
For they may melt as gold.

Sorrow hold tenderly,
Let it not harden thee,
Soon it will let thee free.

Then, ere from thee I go,
My full form thou shalt know,
Which now I may not show.

Then will I cast o'er thee
The veil which shroudeth me,
Calling it "Memory."

MY HEART IS LOST

My heart is lost, my own,
Where who shall say ?
But one to seek it may—
'Tis thou alone.

Where wilt thou look, my sweet ?
It is not far—
No briar thy search shall mar,
'Tis at thy feet.

Raise it, and lay it, love,
Within thy breast,
There one with thine to rest,
With one throb move.

For ever one—to part
No more, my love,
While here, and then above,
Thou hast my heart.

TO MY OLD EXTRACT BOOK

AFTER TEN YEARS

CLOSE I thy pages with a ling'ring touch
Of tenderness and loving reverence ;
E'en as a mother on the natal day
Scans deep the features of her well-loved son,
Tracing in mem'ry each development,
So look I on thee, my ten-year'd child,
And note on every page a wondrous growth,
Kindled and fed by thoughts, from many minds
Both great and humble, yet all sent from God
For some good purpose. Now, though stay'd thy
growth,
Still may thine influence ever wider grow
For all who read thy pages and for me,
Until we feel that in thy company
We are with one who gives sweet counsel,
Strengthens, rests, and links the thoughts to Heav'n.

TO MY NEW EXTRACT BOOK

A CLEAN page ! a new book
Before me lies in its blank purity,
Making a surmise its futurity
As on the page I look.

Yet I a vision see
Of characters upon the page transcribed,
Traced by my hand, but thoughts from minds im-
bibed
Both noble, great, and free.

These only clothe, not spoil ;
But yet a blot or slip that page may mar,
Which to erase were vain, for all my care
Would not repay my toil.

One course is left alone,
E'en for the hand that traced the page to turn,
And by its failures past, henceforth to learn,
And for those faults atone.

Another book I see,

A new-born babe, in its blank purity ;
Looking upon it, I ask wonderingly,
“What will thy future be ?”

Each passing day we spend
Upon life's course is like a page ;
The pen is in God's Hand, from youth to age—
Yea, till our lives shall end.

But all His Hand doth trace
Is pure and good ; we gather dust and blot
From other life-books—fellow-men, and not
From Him, whose touch brings grace.

And when a page is soiled,
Must it without a hope thus ever be ?
So that all men, beholding, there shall see
Its beauty bleared and spoiled.

Nay ! Gracious Lord, Thy Love
Hath found a way that soiled page to clear,
A wondrous touch from thy pierced Hands so dear
Will all its blots remove.

So when at last we look
O'er Life's closed pages, may we joyful find
On every page Thy Hand alone defined,
A clean—a glorious book !

THE SEA

HARK ! hark ! list to the Sea !
Her gay, rippling laughter is borne to me
 On the breeze.
It may be she chaseth yon cloudlet fair
From her bed, where she in the blue heav'n there
 Lay at ease.

Hark ! hark ! list to the Sea !
Now angry her voice as it comes to me
 O'er the hill.
Ne'er did I dream, as I heard her at play,
Of such furies wild, or the strength that lay
 In her will.

Hark ! hark ! list to the Sea !
Softly the eve bears her sobbing to me.
 She doth weep.
Broken her rage by the sun's good-night kiss,
She murmureth penitence, then in bliss
 Falls asleep.

WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT

WE walk by Faith, and not by sight ; but yet
Methinks what we call Faith doth oft'ner wear
The garb of doubt, and, like some hovering storm-
cloud

Dulling the brightness of the summer sky,
Oppresseth us with sad, foreboding ills.
Thus morbid Faith doth wrap itself in clouds,
And thinks in hiding thus 'tis pleasing God.
Then from the gloom we say, "Behold my
faith ;

I see Thee not, yet 'Thou God seest me ;'
Thou knowest me, but I know nought of Thee ;
I hear Thee, feel Thee not,—is not this faith ?"
"Oh heartless creed ! wherefore, thou sin-sick
child,

Dost shut thyself from out thy Father's love,
In that cold chamber of self-righteousness ?

Faith throws thee on My Bosom not aloof,
Faith lets Me change thy cloudy garb of sin
For robe of righteousness, and dries the tears
That thou mayst see with undimmed eyes My Face,
And learn in the sweet pity of My smile
I am thy Father. Ay, this is Faith,
To lay thy hand in Mine and boldly say,
‘ Hold Thou me up, my Father, for I claim
Thy help to hold and keep me as I walk
The road which, rough or smooth, Thou choosest.
What need have I of sight when Thy Hand leads ?
Sight without Thee is darkness ; darkness sight
If I but feel Thy presence and Thy touch.’ ”
Lord, what is Faith ? Tis but excess of Love,
Which draws its life and breath and growth from
Thee,
Then, warm and fragrant, breatheth hope o'er those
Sunk in despair, until they rise to claim
That life which Faith doth open to us all.

I N M E M O R I A M

M. H. L.

ASLEEP she lies—
Those weary eyes
Wake in surprise
Beyond the skies.

Her race is run,
Her sad course done;
A holier one
Hath now begun.

Her sorrows cease,
Death brings release ;
In endless peace
Her joys increase.

Each broken prayer,
Wrung in despair
'Mid gloom and care
Is answered there.

All mysteries
Made clear she sees ;
In Heav'n are keys,
Which open these.

Glad tears fall fast
To know at last
In the dim past
Her woes are cast.

Dear Lord, we raise
A hymn of praise,
Blessing Thy ways
In thankful lays.

Soon grant that we,
From sin set free,
May rest in Thee
Eternally.

THE LARK'S MESSAGE

FLY up, little lark, fly, fly;
Soar with my message to God on High ;
Surely for this were your light wings given,
That ye might carry our longings to Heav'n.

Oh ! tell ye the God I love
That I too would sing His praises above ;
But my wings are pinioned, I cannot fly,
And my song is lost in an earth-bound sigh.

Tell Him the world is so sad,
That praises are sweetest when hearts are glad ;
That sorrow and sin cloud and spoil the praise
Which my heart and voice fain to Heav'n would
raise.

Then up, fair bird, on the wing,
Warble my message, in sweetest tones sing ;
Bear ye my *Te Deum*, till I may fly,
Free to sing ever my praise in the sky.

A SONG

You ask me to sing you a song, sweetheart,—
Of what shall I sing? of what shall I sing?
Fancy's soft dreamings are swift to depart,
And ere you clasp them are off on the wing.

You ask a song, with a theme that is new—
Of what shall I sing? of what shall I sing?
There is nothing new 'neath the sun, 'tis true,
Yet fresh and pure is the homage I bring.

List, then, to the song that I sing, sweetheart;
'Tis quickly sung, but I vow it is new:
"I love thee with love, which Death cannot part,"
While my soul echoes softly, "I love thee, 'tis
true."

Still, music or words can never declare
The strength or the depth of the love I bear.

LET HER REST

LET her rest, let her rest,
Trouble her not with your interest—
The Lord hath done what seemeth Him best.

Let her weep, let her weep,
The Man of Sorrows His watch doth keep,
And as He watcheth her grief will sleep.

Speak no word, speak no word,
For oft'ner in silence God's voice is heard,
Or e'en by the breeze is softly stirred.

Let us pray, let us pray,
That, leaning on Christ, the darkness may
Change to the light of infinite day.

TO H. G. R.
ON HIS ORDINATION

O God and Father, Holy One,
Look down in love upon Thy son,
Who kneels Thy grace to seek.
He craves in fellowship with Thee,
A partner of Thy toils to be ;
Accept his homage meek.

O Jesu, Son of God most dear,
And elder Brother, draw Thou near,
With Thy sweet sympathy,
To him who this day takes the cross,
Counting as joy e'en pain and loss
To bear it after Thee.

O Holy Ghost, descend and spread,
Thy choicest blessings on His head ;

Fill him with fire Divine,
Blessèd and Holy Trinity ;
Breathe power into his ministry,
Then shall Thy glory shine.

REVIVAL

ONCE I passed by a lovely flower,
But low she drooped and bowed her head.
“What aileth thee ?” I said.
“Send me, I pray, a cooling shower,”
She faintly cried, “that I may live,
And my sweet fragrance give.”

Next I a beauteous bird espied,
But low she drooped each slender wing.
I said, “Oh birdie, sing !”
“Then seek and find my mate,” she cried,
“And bring, oh ! bring him back to me,
Then sweet my song shall be.”

Last, in her bow'r a maid I crossed,
But low she drooped, and bowed her head ;

“ Fair maiden, smile,” I said.

“ How can I smile? My love is lost ! ”

She cried. “ Yet in a little while

We meet—and I shall smile.”

IN MEMORIAM

E. S.

COME is the longed-for rest
To her who waited day by day,
Nor murmured at the long delay,
Till she should join the Blest.

Softly the valley shone ;
For two fair babes, with faces bright,
And arms outstretched in Heaven's light,
Beckoned her on and on.

Two infant voices sweet
Joined the triumphant angels' song,
Sung by that vast redeemèd throng,
Each pilgrim saint to greet.

Yet on and on she past,
Led by that glorious host, until,
As one they paused, in rapture still,
She gazed on Christ at last.

Kissing the snowy brow,
Our tears fall fast with hallowed grief;
While in Thy Love we seek relief,
And to Thy will we bow.

DREAMLAND

WEARY the sun in the sea sinks to rest,

And Night steals along ;

To nightingales' song,

Op'ning the lattice, I welcome my guest.

The moon glimmers light,

And stars sparkling bright

Weave their rays round yon cloud as it floateth
through space—

Floateth *on*, ever *on*, in a measureless race :

Caring not whither,

So fleecy and free,

To it would I flee :

Sleep, bear me thither.

Here I lie floating through space on the cloud,

Sleep closèd my eyes,

And flew to the skies,

Bearing me thither in Dream's hazy shroud.

Ah ! what ecstacy
Is it to be free !

To be floating on high, while the earth lies below,
Earth with its turmoils, its chains, and its woe.

Oh, who could remain,
If a cloudlet fair
Invited them there
From this world of pain ?

Now music weaves her soft strains in my dream,
Sweet fragments of song,
From the angel throng,
While harmonies sad from the breezes stream.

How mellow the light,
Which greeteth my sight,
As I float in my dream on through Heaven's vast
dome,
With the stars to illumine my sweet cloudland home ;
While fair mother-moon
Her bright rays doth shed
Beneath my soft bed,
Lest I wake too soon.

Dreamily floating, dreamily floating—

Dream I would ever ;

Wake, I would never ;

Leave me to rest on my cloud's snowy wing.

Hush ! what is't I hear ?

The tweeting of birds !

The lowing of herds !

Such sounds reach mine ear ;

And dark clouds in the east are silently breaking,

The sun from his slumber profound is awaking.

All things give warning,

By whispering deep,

To those who still sleep,

“ Soon cometh morning

Seeking response to her day ush'ring gleam.”

Oh ! stay thy dawning,

Thou sunny morning ;

For thy rays will break my cloud and my dream.

REUNION

LAY her to rest
By him who sleeps,
But whose soul keeps
A watch for hers beside the shining gate,
And there doth wait,
Again to meet,
And joyful greet,
Whom he loved best.

As one they trod—
Oft in gladness,
Oft in sadness—
The path which leadeth through this vale of tears
Throughout long years ;
Till he in love
Was called above,
Called home to God.

But the Gold Thread
'Twixt Life and Death,
The Spirit Breath,

Drew her ~~to~~ him ere many days had past.

Oh joy at last !
Near waters still,
They ever will
By Christ be led.

CHRISTMAS

BLESSED the day, when God's great love
Found echo in a Virgin's breast,
As to her heart the Christ she prest,
Made Mother, by the Holy Dove.

The secret which to her pure soul
Was shown, is free to all the race
Of fallen ones, who crave God's grace
And love, stretching from pole to pole.

But with the Virgin Mother mild,
We too an empty heart must bring,
Wherein may dwell and reign the King,
Our Saviour dear—the Holy Child.

Thus as He dwells in us we learn,
Leaning our souls upon His Breast,
The secret of a twofold rest,
The rest for which Christ's Heart did yearn.

A CONFESSION

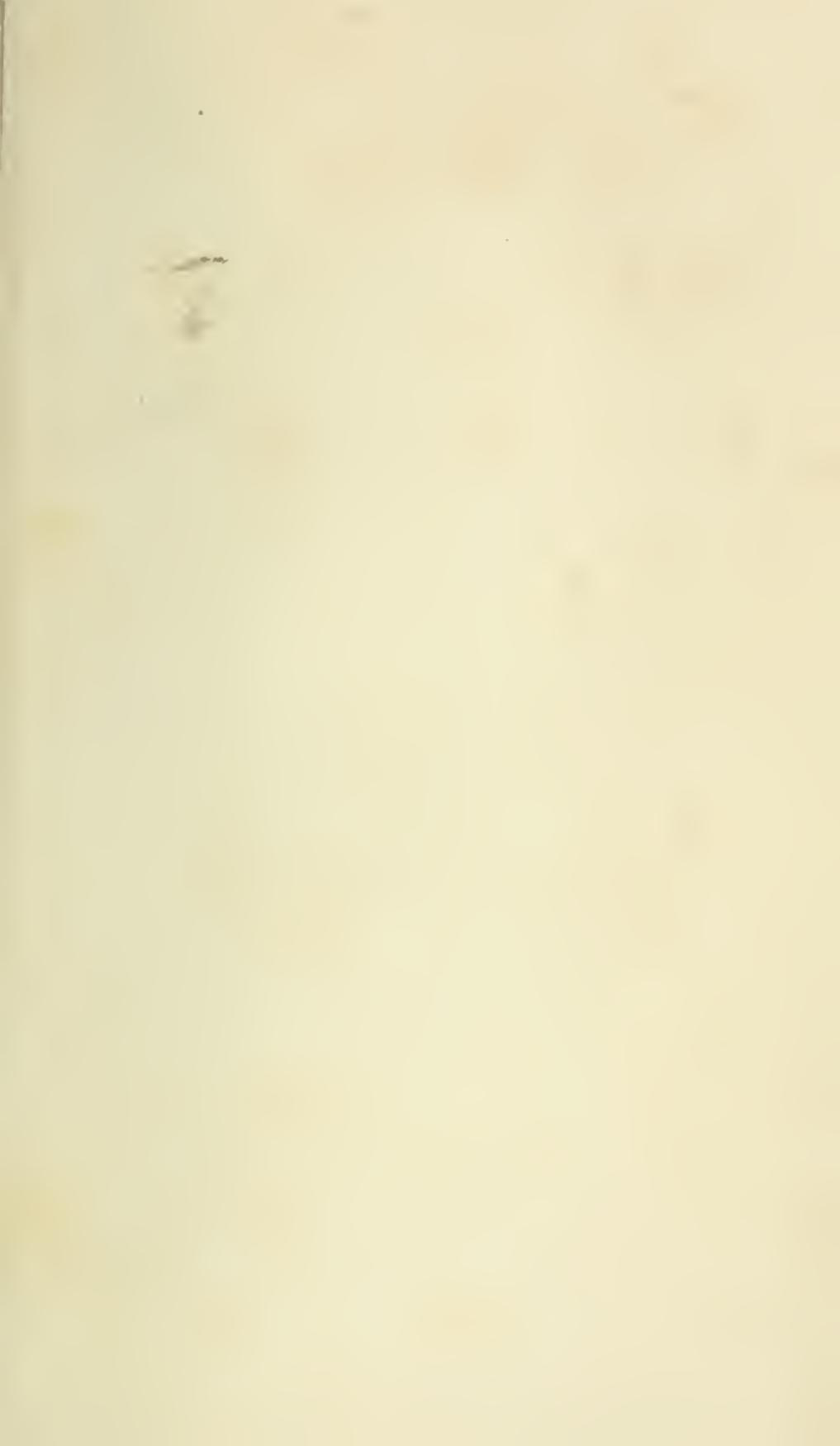
LORD, a talent Thou hast given to me ;
But I look around and see,
Some with whom Thou hast supplied
E'en five or ten !
And then—
I am tempted my one gift to hide.

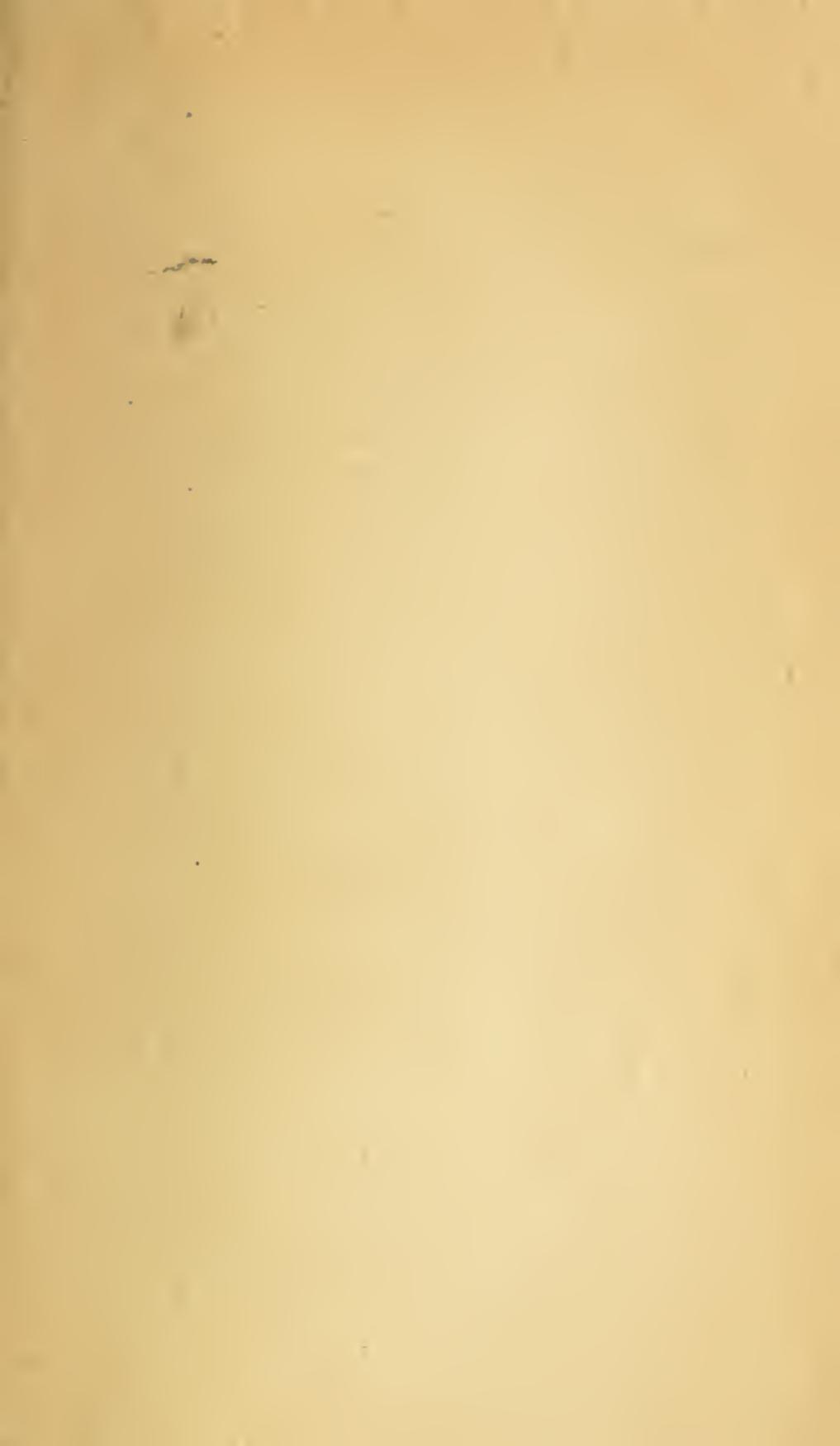
Yet, Lord, I too would hear Thy sweet “Well
done :”
So in faith I take my “one,”
Craving grace that I may use
It right, that so
It grow,
To what degree, Thou, my God, must choose.

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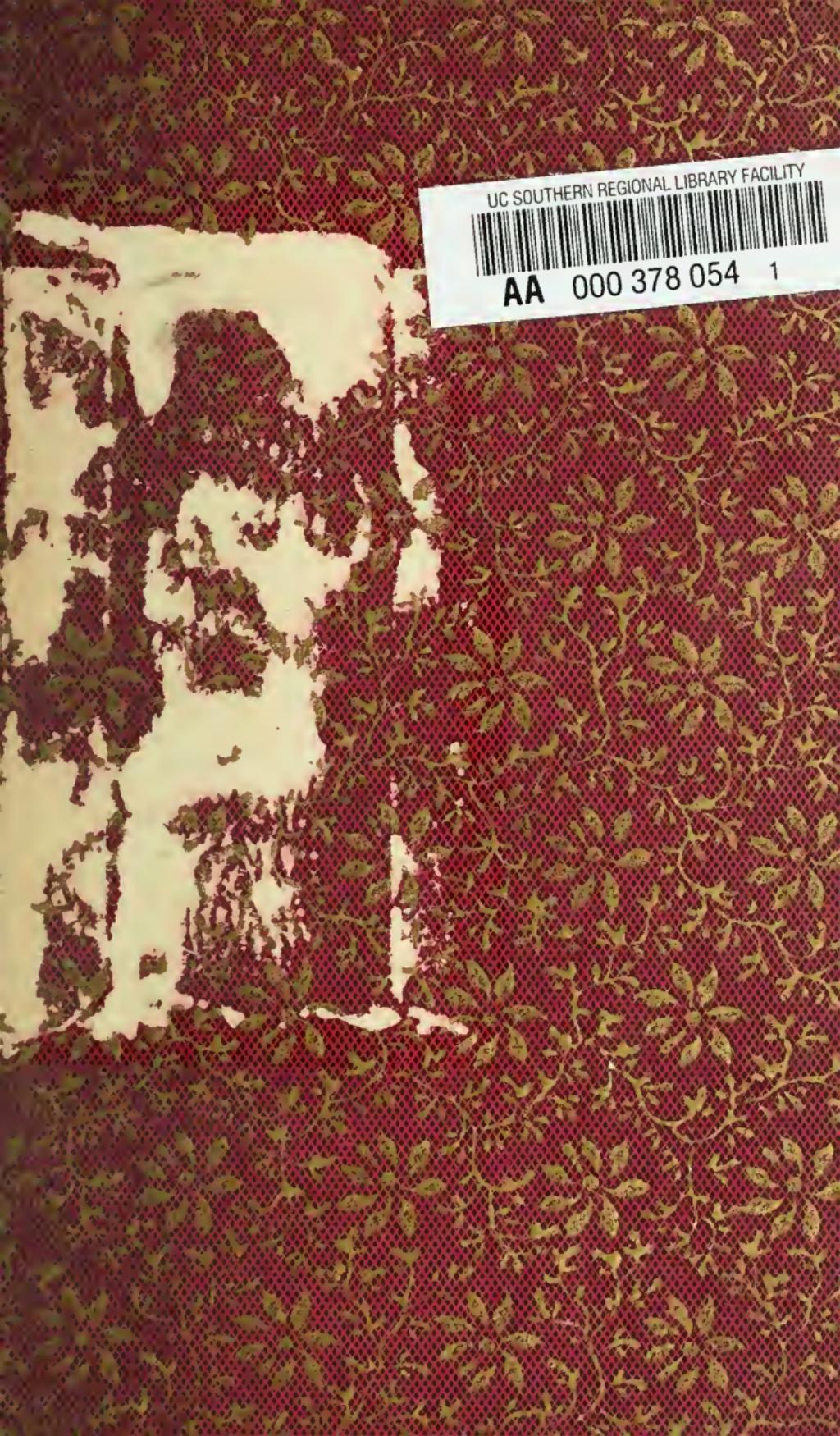




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